

Senator Gore
A STATESMAN'S EYES

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A Statesman's Eyes

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I RECALL once hearing the tart-tongued Caraway of Arkansas say to Senator Borah, "I marvel at your great state's choice of senators: one of the two has brains."

Politics has played a scurvy trick on the late Caraway himself by causing his widow, the present senator, to contract a political mésalliance with Huey Long. It would be interesting to hear the late Caraway make a dispassionate comment on this political affair.

But I return to Borah, whoever his colleague was at the time when Caraway remarked upon the ill assortment of the two Idaho senators, only to say that whenever a state elects one senator who has brains, it invariably strikes a happy medium in the scale of popular representation by sending another to sit alongside him who is innocent of any such impediment.

The most oddly assorted pair from any one state in the Senate are the two from Oklahoma, Thomas P. Gore and Elmer Thomas. While Mr. Gore is blithely remarking, "If we must inflate the currency, why don't we license all the counterfeiters? That would get the money into the hands of the people," his colleague, Mr. Thomas, is shouting triumphantly that his inflation bill "will take \$200,000,000,000 from the hands of those who have it, including the bank depositors, and give it to the debtors," which—even on his showing—wouldn't get the money into the hands of the people but would merely give us a new pauper class.

The two senators not only differ about inflation or non-inflation but they differ in the temper they show when they talk about money. Mr. Gore is good-humored and witty when he talks about money. He is sure he is right and does not seem to care whether he makes any converts or not.

Mr. Thomas is always angry, angry as the prophet Jeremiah, or whoever was the worst-tempered of the Old Testament prophets. He is full of threats, like his threat to take all the bank deposits away from the depositors and give them to someone else.

Why Not Joke About It?

I should say, looking at him, that Mr. Thomas was just old enough to take his first active interest in politics in 1896, when Bryan was roaring about the land in favor of inflation and when "Coin" Harvey had written the last word on money. Mr. Thomas got his ideas on currency then. His mind froze up, so far as inflation goes, as solidly as the assets of a closed bank. For thirty-seven years, until a few weeks ago, the nation turned its back on the light and went sinfully after the cross of gold. Wouldn't it be enough to sour your temper to see a nation follow after false gods so long? Wouldn't it make you mad?

Mr. Gore remarks—but not apropos of his colleague, for that wouldn't be according to Hoyle—but generally, "The worst monomania is the money mania. Never argue with anyone about money. If he wants to talk about it he already knows all about it. He wouldn't want to talk about it if he didn't."

Mr. Gore won't argue with anyone about money. He will emit a witticism about it. He will brilliantly review for the Senate the history of this nation's and other nations' experiences with inflation, beginning with England in the seventeenth century and quoting freely from the famous historians, telling how Macaulay in chapter twenty-one re-

marks that the only mistake made by the English statesmen who proposed to substitute a nine-pence shilling for a twelve-pence shilling was in thinking that by making a yardstick twenty-seven inches instead of thirty-six inches long they were going to increase the size of England.

I hope I quote this correctly. Mr. Gore, having no recourse but his memory, quotes with astonishing freedom and accuracy, while I, who might look it up in Macaulay, don't and let near enough do. Then with a witticism or two of his own, for he is the wittiest man in the Senate, he lets the money mania go its way. For being widely read in history and something of a philosopher to boot, he knows that men never learn from experience and that every generation, in this country at least, has to try inflation or, short of that, to debate it fiercely. We are just having another attack.

I suppose everyone knows that Senator Gore is blind. The blind are notoriously cheerful, perhaps because they are spared the sight of this world. And if they have good minds, they are likely to be philosophical. They take a longer

view of things than the average person. They are not so concentrated on the present as the rest of us, with our eyes perpetually attacked by visual images of the actual.

What do you suppose is the senator's greatest passion? Books. He is one of the country's greatest frequenters of old bookstalls. He has a large collection of old books, mostly historical, and is constantly adding to it.

Handicap Odds

I told him there were compensations for disabilities, remarking upon his memory. "Yes," he said, "you can discipline the memory if you have to. Look at the blacksmith's right arm. It is two inches bigger round than his left arm because he's always using it." Then he added: "I always say, 'Bet on the handicapped horse.'" One thinks of the President, confined to his chair by his disability, and of his enormous capacity for work, partly by reason of that fact, and of the poise that he has from conquering something so terrible that nothing else seems worth worrying about.

The Oklahoma senator has been a

handicapped horse for a long time. The sight of his right eye was destroyed when he was eight years old. And three years later his left eye was destroyed by a blowgun that he had presented to a playmate. That was fifty-one years ago. He was at that time a page boy in the Mississippi Senate, and living in the home of Senator George, a famous member of the United States Senate from Mississippi. Five or six years later, a book about self-made Americans having been read to him, he conceived his ambition to be a member of the United States Senate.

When he was twenty-two he was graduated from the law department of Cumberland University in Tennessee. He moved to Texas in 1896 and to Oklahoma in 1901. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1907 for a short term and again in 1909 and in 1914. He was then defeated for re-nomination in 1920 and returned to the Senate on March 4, 1931. If he had not been defeated in 1920 he would now be chairman of the most important committee of the Senate, the Finance Committee.

The gentleman from Oklahoma is



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Blind Senators Schall of Minnesota and Gore of Oklahoma try out their new red-and-white canes on Washington's streets

more than a wit with a well-filled mind and an historical sense. He has firm opinions. He went out of the Senate in 1920 for taking the unpopular side of an issue. He voted against the declaration of war in 1917. He voted against conscription, until after, as he explained, the historic practice of calling for volunteers should be tried and volunteers exhausted. He voted against the bill giving Mr. Hoover authority to fix the prices of farm products and believes that farm troubles today are due to forcing the farmers to sell at fixed prices while everybody else was allowed to profiteer. He voted against the government's taking over the railroads. For those votes he was stamped as anti-war, or anti-Wilson, and defeated. Those votes tell how his mind works.

There's one thing he boasts of. "I never voted a dollar out of the United States Treasury into anybody else's pocket. No, I'll take that back. I voted for a pension to the widow of the doctor who discovered that yellow fever was caused by the mosquito, and died discovering it. That's the only instance." You see he is of different stuff from the senators who cower before the veterans' lobby.

When he speaks in the Senate, he always has a piece of paper in his right hand, waves it about as he gesticulates, appears to look at it. He reels off figure after figure in the millions or the billions down to the last unit. He recites date after date. You would swear that he is referring to notes. But of course he can't be. "It's a mannerism," he says. "I ought to stop it. I have the bill I am discussing in my pocket and take it out in my hand."

Fu Manchu's Bride

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

FIGHTING a mysterious plague which is ravaging southern France, Dr. Petrie, noted English scientist, evolves an antidote—and, himself stricken, dies. Searching frantically for the formula of the antidote, Sir Denis Nayland Smith, ex-Scotland Yard operative, and young Alan Sterling (who tells the story), fail to find it. Then, in the course of a series of weird adventures, they make a shocking discovery: The formula has been stolen by a master criminal—a monster who is plotting to gain control of the world: *Dr. Fu Manchu!* . . . Sir Denis goes to Berlin. In his absence, Sterling is captured by Fu Manchu's hirelings (dacoits—Burmese killers) and spirited to a mysterious laboratory. Fu Manchu, a distinguished Oriental, greets him, introduces him to his "assistants": all famous scientists—and all long dead! . . .

A prisoner in that strange establishment (where secret doors lead from one room of wonders to another, and innumerable sinister experiments are being made), Sterling thinks often of a girl. She is, he knows, called "Fleurette"; and she is very beautiful. Having met her once, by chance, he cannot forget her. He wonders who she is, what she is. His questions are answered—in Fu Manchu's stronghold. The girl is there. They meet frequently, fall madly in love. Another beautiful woman is there also: Fu Manchu's fascinating daughter, Fah Lo Suee. From her Sterling learns much of Fleurette—and the "Doctor's" nefarious machinations. As the head of Si-Fau, a powerful secret society, Fu Manchu is soon to open his "war on the world." He wants a son. It is to be Fleurette's duty to bear him one! . . .

The laboratory—in the villa of Ste. Claire de la Roche, on the Mediterranean coast—is well guarded. But Sterling, finding Fu Manchu in an opium dream, succeeds in making his escape. Outside, in the darkness, he encounters—*Sir Denis!* Sterling narrates his adventures. Sir Denis listens. Then—"We must work quickly. The whole world is in peril. A fly is spreading the plague. Fu Manchu has bred millions of them—he is distributing them to Si-Fan centers everywhere. We must find that formula!" He pauses. His face is drawn. "Sterling," he whispers, "Petrie was never buried. The body of a dacoit, substituted for his body, was buried in his place. He, or his body, is in that laboratory. A police boat is waiting within call—I will keep in touch with it. You must go back—you must find Petrie! If we do not hear from you within half an hour, we shall raid the house at once." . . . Sterling slips back to the villa. He enters, searches for Petrie—and encounters Fleurette, who confesses her love for him. She then leads him to the room in which Petrie lies. Petrie is *alive*, but very weak. A few whispered sentences. Then in an excited voice—"Sterling, you say Sir Denis is here. Quick—hand me that writing pad!"



VIII

I DID as Petrie directed—I could see that it would be useless to object. "Lift me up," he went on. "It's going to be a struggle to write, but it has to be done—in case—of—accidents."

"What, Petrie? Why is all this necessary?"

He shook his head and began very slowly to write. Bending over him, I

saw that he was writing a prescription.

The truth dawned upon me!

"654?"

He nodded and went on writing. For a moment he paused, and:

"This must be circulated throughout the world," he whispered weakly—"without delay."

He glanced over what he had written, and nodded his wish to be laid back upon the pillows.

This accomplished, I tore the sheet off the pad, folded it, and slipped it carefully into a pocket of my overalls.

"Now, bolt!" he whispered. "Bolt for your life while there's a chance. Everything depends upon your success."

I had turned to go—when, unaided, he suddenly sat upright in bed, his eyes fixed upon the open door.

"Alan!" I heard softly.

I turned in time to see Fleurette's head hurriedly withdrawn. Someone was coming!

"Sterling! Sterling!" Petrie clutched my shoulder; his eyes were suddenly wild. "Who was that at the door?"

"A friend . . . you need not be afraid . . . Fleurette."

"Fleurette? My God! Am I growing delirious?"

I assisted him back onto his pillows. His manner was alarmingly strange.



"Millions of useless lives cumber the world today."

"Who is she?" he asked tensely. "She is a victim of Dr. Fu Manchu—but we are going to get her away."

"Great heaven!" He closed his eyes. "Can it be true? Is it possible? . . . Don't wait, Sterling—Go . . . go!"

Indeed I knew that I had no alternative; and, squeezing his hand hard, I ran out of the room.

Fleurette was standing just beyond the door which she closed instantly upon my appearance.

"Someone is coming!" she said, in a low voice. "I think it is Companion Yamamata. Quick—this way!"

She led me along a short passage to the head of a descending stair.

"Don't make a noise," she warned.

WE CREPT to the bottom, my arm about her waist.

"Who is Dr. Petrie?" she whispered. "He stared at me as though he knew me; yet I have never seen him in my life before."

"He is one of my oldest friends," I replied, "and unfortunately I hadn't time to ask him. But I saw how he looked at you. Yes, he thinks he knows you—"

And now I wondered what knowledge was common to Dr. Petrie and Sir Denis but not shared by me. . . .

Both had recognized Fleurette!

We turned a corner and I saw that we stood directly under a little green lamp.

"There is your way," said Fleurette, "straight ahead. It is the door onto the terrace."

At which moment I realized that we

were standing directly outside her room!

"Darling, at last!" I exclaimed, and felt my heart leap. "Come on! Hurry! There isn't a moment to waste!"

She slipped by me and opened the door of her room. I stared at her in blank amazement—and her expression baffled me. She took my hand, pulled me gently forward . . . and then closed the door.

"Someone might see or hear us in the corridor," she said. "We are safe here. Please say goodbye to me."

"What!"

She watched me and, in the dim light of that room which Nayland Smith had described as the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty, her eyes looked like violets wet with dew.

"What did you think I meant to do?" she asked softly. "I have never cared for anyone before. I suppose I am to blame because I cared for you. But although you have not told me—I know what you think of Dr. Fu Manchu . . . of all of us. You belong to the poor, ignorant world. You are not really one of us. You are a spy."

I tried to take her in my arms, but she eluded me.

"Fleurette! This is madness!"

"The world is mad—Alan." That moment of hesitation before my name was a rainbow. "But you belong to it and you must go back. I should hate to believe that you could think me capable of deserting those who have never denied me anything as long as I can remember. No, dear, I sink or swim with my friends! I am betraying them

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22

Colliers for June 24, 1933

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